

DELL
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Sergeant **PRESTON** OF THE YUKON



Out of the lore of the Northland comes the
strange story of "How Sergeant Preston Found Yukon King!"



sourdough

A "sourdough" prospector or trapper of the Yukon carries his namesake—a lump of sour dough—in his pocket or in some other handy container, when he is on the move. For this kind of transportation, the yeasty stuff is often mixed with flour to the stiffness of putty. In a pocket it may keep company with matches, rock specimens, thread and needle, a toothbrush and rifle cartridges. Any or all of these articles may become mixed up with it—or in the bannock bread which the "sourdough" camper bakes.



Sergeant PRESTON

HOW HE FOUND YUKON KING

HELP!

ONE DAY, WHEN PRESTON STILL A CONSTABLE, WAS ON A ROUTINE PATROL, A DISTANT WAIL DREW HIM OFF THE TRAIL...

THAT SOUND I'VE BEEN HEARING --- IT'S SOMEONE CALLING FOR HELP!

WHO? YOU HUSKIE? --- IT'S A MAN --- UP A TREE! AND THERE'S SOMETHING BELOW...

IT'S A BEAR! HE'S GOT DAVID MATTHEWS THERE!

CLIMBING WITH ALIBED HANDS TO HIS WHINY PERCH, THE TREED MAN RAISES HIS VOICE AGAIN IN A HOPELESS CALL.

I'LL GET AS NEAR AS I CAN BEFORE THAT BEAR SEES ME! CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS A VITAL SHOT WITH THIS JO-JO!

WITH A RIFLE TOO LIGHT FOR THE HUGE GAME, PRESTON CLOSELY FIGURES HIS CHANCES.



AGAIN AND AGAIN, PRESTON FIRES, WITH LITTLE EFFECT! THE BEAR COMES AT HIM, A HALF TON OF RAGE AND DESTRUCTION ...



TO MY EARTH, PRESTON'S RIFLE MIGHT AS WELL HAVE BEEN A PEASHOOTER! THE GREAT BULK BEARS UP —



—AND KNOCKS THE .30-30 FROM THE MOUNTAIN'S HANDS!



AT THAT INSTANT, THE BEAST'S JAWS CLOSE ON THE MAN'S HAND! THE BRUTE HALF-TURNS —



—AND LANDS A MIGHTY BLOW!

DOE FOR! THOSE RIFLE BULLETS DID TAKE EFFECT---

WOOF!









HE COULD BE STILL
ALIVE, PRESTON!
SEE? HE WENT
THIS WAY-----

WOLF TRACKS
AHEAD, JED!



A WOLF! IT GRABBED THE
PUPPY---HERE! THAT'S
THE END OF HIS TRAIL,
JED!

YEAH! TOO BAD LOOK --
THAT KILLER HAS A
CUPPLED FOOT! THREE
TOES!



A THREE-TOED WOLF!
I'LL REMEMBER
THAT TRACK! MAYBE,
SOME TIME, I'LL
MEET THAT
WOLF!



SIX WEEKS LATER, ON A RETURN FROM SELKIRK-----

THERE'S ANORE
CURRER! I KNOW
HIS TEAM...



GOOD LUCK ON YOUR
TRAP LINES, ANORE?

WOM! FOR LAST
THREE MONTHS AN
OL' SHE-WOLF REB
MY TRAPS, W'SHEU
PRESTON! SHE HAVE
THREE TOES-----AN'
A PUP!



A THREE-TOED WOLF? AND
A PUP? HOW OLD?

THE WOLF PUPPY?
MEBBE THREE MONTH
OLD! I SEE HIS
TRACK JUST A
FEW WEEKS
AGO, W'SHEU







YES! I'D KNOW HIM ANYWHERE! HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

BUT WILL HE FIGHT YOU WHEN HE WAKES UP?



NO, ANORE, HE WON'T FIGHT ME! SEE -- I'M RUBBING MY HANDS THROUGH HIS FOSTER MOTHER'S FUR! HE'LL RECOGNIZE HER SCENT ON THEM... AND SO WE'LL GET ACQUAINTED!



THAT THREE TOES, SHE FIGHT BOOBY AND TWO PUPPY, BOOBY I THINK THESE LYXK, THEY FIND PUPPY ALONE IN DEN -- BUT HE HOLD THEM OFF TILL MAMA WOLF COME HOME!



SEE, ANORE? HE'S WAKING UP! HE STILL SMELLS LYXK! BUT HE'S NOT AFRAID --

EE-YU-UN-HUH? GRRR...



HOW HE LICK YOUR HAND, PRESTON! YOU HAVE THE WOLF SMELL!

--- AND THE HUMAN SMELL! HE REMEMBERS DAVE'S KINDNESS! OH, WHAT A DOG YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE, FELLOW!



I'M GOING TO CALL YOU FORDY LYXK! I'LL TEACH YOU TO RESPECT GOOD MEN, AND HATE EVIL ONES! TO CAPTAIN A TEAM -- PULL YOUR WEIGHT -- LEARN SELF-CONTROL --

AND BE MY PARTNER! WHAT DO YOU SAY, KINOD?

HARR-ARRR! FARR!

Sergeant PRESTON

THE ICE JAM



BREAKING TRAIL THROUGH WET SNOW, WITH EVEN HIS USUALLY FREE LEAD DOG, KIMMY FINE, PULLING --- SERGEANT PRESTON REACHES A NEWLY-BUILT LOG CABIN.

WELCOME! YOU HAVE MAD
HAND BLEEDING TODAY,
POLICEMAN!

HARD ENOUGH,
THANK YOU!

I'D HOPED TO REACH DANSON
BEFORE SPRING ME AS-UP ---
OUT THIS SUDDEN TRAIL CAUGHT
ME FIFTEEN MILES ABOVE
HERE?

GLAD YOU
REACHED US
BEFORE DARK,
SERGEANT! I'M
WARTH REDMOND ---
THIS IS STELLA,
MY WIFE...

WE'RE "CHIEFCHARD" --- NEWCOMERS TO THE
TUNDRA* I'LL SET ANOTHER PLACE AT THE TABLE,
SERGEANT... WE WERE JUST BEGINNING SLURP!

DID YOU BUILD THIS
CABIN YOURSELVES,
REDMOND?

NO, SERGEANT! WE
BOUGHT IT AND THE PLACE!
CLAIM IT STANDS ON ---
FROM A MAN NAMED SMITH!
IT TOOK ALL OUR SAVINGS,
BUT...

--- IT'S A ~~ROOF~~ A REAL BARGAIN!
IN THE MORNING YOU CAN WASH A
PAN FOR YOURSELF, AND GET A BIG
SURPRISE, SERGEANT! --- ER...
YOU KNOW, IT'S GOOD
FOR STELLA AND ME
TO HAVE SOMEONE
TO TALK WITH!



THERE'S SMITH'S PROSPECT HOLE, SERGEANT! IT WILL BE A LOT DEEPER WHEN I'VE HAD A CHANCE TO REALLY WORK IT!

MMMM



HERE'S WHERE I'VE BEEN DIGGING--- JUST A FEW PANS I THAWED OUT WITH FIRST! THE PAST FEW WARM DAYS HAVE THAWED A LOT MORE... WANT TO TRY IT?

ALL RIGHT!



HERE'S "COLOR"--- ALL RIGHT! PLENTY OF "COLOR" IN THIS SAND!

IT'S RICHER THAN EVEN MR. SMITH LED ME TO BELIEVE!



THE STRANGE THING IS THAT I HAVE NEVER SEEN GOLD DUST OF THIS COLOR AND COARSENESS IN ONE PART OF THE YUKON!



I'D LIKE TO SEE WHAT THE DIRT FROM THE REST OF THE PROSPECT HOLE SHOWS!

SO WOULD I, SERGEANT! IT MIGHT EVEN BE RICHER!



NOT A SIGN OF GOLD ANYWHERE ELSE! JUST IN THE SPOT WHERE YOU FIRST DUG, REDMOND...

MAYBE--- (SULP!)--- MAYBE IT'S JUST A RICH ROCK? WE'VE STRUCK! BUT EVEN SO...

AFTER TAKING SEVERAL SAMPLES, SERGEANT PRESTON HAS DISAPPOINTING NEWS FOR YOUNG REDMOND...





SERGEANT PRESTON* ISN'T THERE---APART FROM THAT WE CAN DO TO GET OUR MONEY BACK?

I'VE BEEN WONDERING...



MARTIN WAS MAKING A REAL RECOVERY FROM HIS LUNG TROUBLE---BUT THIS DIS-COURAGEMENT WILL SET HIM BACK, TERRIBLY! IT MIGHT EVEN KILL HIM...

I CAN SEE THAT, MRS. REDMOND*



TELL ME---HOW LONG HAS THIS "MR SMITH" WHO SOLD YOU THE CLAIM BEEN GONE? AND WHAT DID HE LOOK LIKE?

HE WAS A SHORTY CHUNEY MAN, WITH A SLIGHT LIMP---HIS LEFT LEG SEEMED TOO SHORT! HE LEFT THREE DAYS AGO, WITH HIS GUN TEAM...



UHHMM! "SHORTY" GARN IS HIS REAL NAME! A NOTORIOUS CROOK! PROBABLY HEADED FOR GAWSON TO BLOW IN SOME OF HIS---FOOLF---MONEY, MRS. REDMOND!



BUT THIS SUGGER THAN WILL HOLD HIM UP, TOO! HE CAN'T TRAVEL TILL THE RIVER ICE BRICKS UP, AND HE CAN GET HOLD OF A BOAT...

WE'VE GOT A BOAT, SERGEANT PRESTON... OR RATHER, A CANOE!



BUT YOU CAN'T USE A BOAT, EITHER---UNTIL THE ICE GOES OUT!

I MIGHT! WATER'S FLOWING NEAR SHORE!









WITH A SHORT WHISPER OF JOY, KING PLUNGES OVER THE SIDE...



ROPES, KING! GET OUR HANDS LOOSE ---AS YOU'VE BEEN TAUGHT!

PRESTON! CAN HE DO IT? REALLY?



THAT DOG'S SURE TRYING... BUT HE HASN'T GOT ROOM TO WORK, PRESTON!

HE'S MAKING PROGRESS! I FELT SOMETHING GIVE, SAM!



THERE!

ONE HAND'S FREE! GOOD BOY, KING! --- I'VE GOT A POCKET KNIFE THAT SAM DIDN'T LOOK FOR...



NOW YOU'RE FREE, SAM! CRAWL INTO THE CANOE, AND CHANGE TO THE DRY UNDERWEAR OF MINE! YOU'LL FIND IT IN AN OILED SACK.

DRY CLOTHES --- NOW! BUT WHAT'LL YOU DO, PRESTON?

DRY PANTS, TOO, AND A SWEATER.



KING AND I ARE GOING BACK --- TO GET SHORTY! AS SOON AS YOU'VE CHANGED, PADDLE OVER TOWARD THE CABIN, SAM! THERE'S A RIFLE, IF YOU SHOULD NEED IT!

BUT YOU'RE DARNED, PRESTON!











A WEEK LATER, LEAVING SAM WICKERT'S CABIN, PRESTON HEADS UP-STREAM.

WELL, KING, THIS IS SHORTY CARR'S THIRD DAY IN JAIL ---AND WE'RE ON A HAPPIER ERRAND NOW.



AROUND THE LAST BEND, HE SPOTS THE REDWOODS AND HIS BOAT FISHING!

MARTIN --- LOOK! THAT RED COAT! SERGEANT PRESTON!



WELL, REDWOODS --- I BROUGHT BACK YOUR FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

YOU --- YOU DID?

OH, MARTIN? HOW WOULD I KNOW?

YOUR "MR SMITH", OR SHORTY CARR, SOLD YOU A WORTHLESS CLAIM HE HADN'T EVEN RECORDED! PLAIN THEFT! SO THERE IS NO RED TAPE NEEDED TO RETURN THE MONEY TO YOU!

NO RED TAPE --- BUT YOU HAVE NOT MENTIONED THE AGONY YOU TOOK, SERGEANT!



THAT'S OUR BUSINESS --- TO TAKE RISKS IN THE LINE OF DUTY, EH, KING?

HAPPY TIP!



YOU WON'T HAVE TO TAKE RISKS BECAUSE OF MY FOOLISHNESS AGAIN, SERGEANT PRESTON! I'M GOING TO BANK THIS MONEY --- AND WORK A RICH LITTLE PLACE I DISCOVERED MYSELF TWO DAYS AGO!

FINE, REDWOOD! AND WITH THAT, WE'LL CALL THIS CASE CLOSED!



the ICE SHIP

REPRINTED FROM THE ADVENTURE MAGAZINE, 1914

Arnuik, the Eskimo hunter, poised over the seal's air hole in the middle of a flat expanse of ice and waited patiently for the seal to come up for air.

At last, he saw a grey shadow appear in the water underneath the hole and his harpoon plunged downward as strongly as both his short, stout arms could drive it.

"Agh," he grunted in satisfaction, "tonight there will be much meat for us."

But, in that instant, he felt a dull trembling crack in the ice under his feet and even before he looked up he knew what had happened. The stretch of ice on which he was standing had cracked away from the great expanse behind him. Now he floated swiftly out to sea—toward the bitter North Pole where no man lives.

He looked back toward the land with one glance of agony and then bent again to his work. There was no way to return except across that ever-widening stretch of calm, blue-black water. His igloo lay there, his wife and waiting children. There was no help for it—he had to work fast. Though a strong wind was blowing out of the north, some ocean current in the water was carrying his small ice floe, along with several others, away from the shore ice at a rapid speed. It only . . . it only. . . . But there was no time to think of that. The ice floe was a scant fifteen feet across and soon it might break up into smaller pieces.

Only crying sea birds could see him as he used his wide-bladed knife to chop away at the edge of the seal's blow hole until it was large enough to pass the seal's body. He braced his feet and gave a mighty heave that drew the seal slithering onto the ice. He was lucky—the seal was over six feet long, an exceptionally large one. He set to work

again with his knife while the sea wind blew from the north.

Ismito, Arnuik's wife, stood on the shore and watched the gray-black water between her and the few pieces of floe ice that were already at least a mile out to sea. She had heard the ice break up and had come down to the shore filled with fear for Arnuik. And she had been right—he could only be far out there on the Arctic Ocean. She thought she could even see a black spot on one of the ice floes.

She could not believe her eyes! One ice floe detached itself from the others and began to move toward her. While all the others went on with the ocean current, one began to move against it. And surely—surely there was a brown spot on the ice floe that vibrated in the steadily freshening north wind.

Several hours later she still squatted there on the snow-covered ice but her eyes were smiling even though her brown Eskimo face was as stern as ever.

Before her, on the open water of the ice-ringed bay, was a tiny ship. It had a mast—Arnuik's harpoon shaft, and a sail—the fresh skin of a big seal, and a hull—a small ice floe. The only passenger was Arnuik who sat holding the mast upright with his stiffened, cold-deadened arms. Since the wind was right behind him, he had no need for a rudder and though the ice ship moved slowly against the ocean current, there was just enough wind to drive it forward toward the shore.

At last it touched the shore ice and she rushed forward to greet him.

"I am glad," she said, and helped him to strip ashore.

"It is good," he said, taking care that the ice floe did not get away from him.

Working silently, they took the seal's meat from the ice floe and the big skin and the harpoon.

Immediately, the ice floe started to drift again—straight out to sea where Arnuik might have gone if he had not been the Eskimo hunter that he was.

GRAY WOLF

LEADER OF THE WOLF PACK

IN HER SHADE-DEEN ON THE NORTH-EAST SIDE OF THE SNOW-CAPPED OSHIYIC RANGE, THE YOUNG SHO-WOLF, NEEETKA, LAY WATCHING HER THREE-WEEKS-OLD PUPS... ONE WAS HER FAVORITE...



HE WAS THE BIGGEST OF THE LOT --- AND BY FAR THE MOST EAGER FOR FOOD OR FIGHT! HIS WOOLLY GRAY COAT WAS DARKER ON THE SADDLE, WITH NO BROWN SHADES... "GRAY BROTHER," NEEETKA CALLED HIM IN HER THOUGHTS.



A WHINE FROM OUTSIDE BROUGHT NEEETKA TO THE MOUTH OF THE DEN.



IT WAS KOBUK, HER MATE --- A GREAT BLACK WOLF FROM THE NORTHERN TUNDRA! HE HAD BROUGHT HER TWO SNOWSHOE RABBITS!



KOBUK WAITED UNTIL HIS MATE HAD PICKED UP HIS PRESENT --- THEN TROTTED AWAY TO HUNT FOR HIMSELF.

NEETKA ATE ONE OF THE RABBITS IN ALMOST LESS TIME THAN IT TAKES TO TELL... THEN SHE PAUSED FOR A LONG MOMENT OUT OVER THE VALLEY, STILL LOCKED IN WINTER'S ICE.



WITH THE SECOND RABBIT IN HER MOUTH, SHE RE-ENTERED THE DEN, TO BE GREETED BY GRAY BROTHER'S FEROCIOUS LITTLE GROWLS.



SUDDENLY THE THREE-WEEKS-OLD PUP HURLED HIMSELF AT THE RABBIT'S TRAILING FEET!



HE WAS STILL EXAMINING THE RABBIT WHEN HIS LESS AMBITIOUS BROTHERS AND SISTERS WERE BEING NURSED TO SLEEP! NEETKA'S EYES GLOWED WITH PRIDE IN HIM!



ONE AFTERNOON, A FEW WEEKS LATER, WHILE NEETKA WAS ABSENT ON A BRIEF HUNT, A WEASEL PAUSED OUTSIDE THE PUP'S DEN FOR A MINUTE HE HESITATED, BETWEEN HUNGER AND CAUTION.



THEN, REMINDING THAT THE SHE-WOLF WAS AWAY, HE ENTERED SWIFTLY - HIS BREADY EYES GLITTERING!

LIKE HIS BIG COUSIN, THE WOLVERINE, THE WEASEL IS IN THE HABIT OF ATTACKING ANIMALS MANY TIMES HIS WEIGHT --- SO GRAY BROTHER'S BARE DEFENSE MEANT NOTHING TO THE WARRIOR!



THE FIGHT WAS BRIEF! GRAY BROTHER, BATTLING TO PROTECT HIS SMALLER BROTHERS, QUICKLY GAINED HIS NAUOUS ENEMY --- AT THE EXPENSE OF A SLIGHTLY TORN EYE!



HE STRUCK OUT ON HIS OWN, ONE DAY --- TOWARD THE SOUND OF STRONG TEETH CUTTING WOOD! THE BIG BEAR BEAVER LOOKED LIKE INTERESTING GAME TO GRAY BROTHER.



BUT INSTEAD OF CHIMING, THE PUP MET THE WEASEL'S LEAP HALFWAY --- WITH AMAZING COURAGE!



AS HER PUPS GREW MORE ACTIVE, NEEDHA TOOK THEM OUT HUNTING GROUPS ... IT WAS QUITE EXCITING FOR HIS LITTLE BROTHERS AND SISTERS --- BUT GRAY BROTHER WAS SOON BORED



HE MADE A GOOD STALK --- AND RUSHED THE BIG BEAVER OFF ITS FEET.





BY THE BEGINNING OF HIS THIRD WINTER, GRAY BROTHER WAS WITHIN FORTY POUNDS OF HIS GREAT SIRE'S WEIGHT --- FAR BIGGER THAN THE AVERAGE TIMBER WOLF, AND WELL FED...



BUT IN JANUARY, DEER, DRY SNOW SLOWED THE PACK'S HUNTING SPEED... THE LONGER LEGGED CARIBOU ---



... MOOSE AND EVEN DEER, KEPT EASILY AHEAD OF THEM! HUNGER WAS PINCHING THE FLANKS OF EVERY WOLF.

THEY CAUGHT THE SCENT OF A GRIZZLY BEAR'S FRESH KILL! WHEN THEY CAME IN SIGHT, THE BEAR HEARTED UP, SHAKING ANGRILY! IT WAS A CASE OF FIGHT OR STARVE! GREAT BLACK KODUK SPRANG FIRST --- TO DRAW THE BEAR'S ATTENTION AND GIVE THE PACK ITS CHANCE --- BUT A MIGHTY PAW SWIFT CUT ---



BUT NOTHING IN THE NORTH CAN MATCH THE STRENGTH OF A BIG GRIZZLY! SLIM MEETKA WENT FLYING FROM THOSE MIGHTY Paws --- EVEN AS HER SON, GRAY BROTHER, FOLLOWED THROUGH!

REACHING FOR GRAY BROTHER, THE BEAR EXPOSED HIS
 HEADQUARTERS TO ATTACK BY THE REST! IT WAS TOO
 MUCH FOR HIS NERVES....



GRUMBLING AND CHARLING, HE MADE FOR A BIG
 ROCK, SOME FIFTY YARDS DISTANT, WHERE HE
 COULD PROTECT HIS BACK.

THERE HE REARED UP, CHALLENGING ———



... BUT THE PACK WAS NO LONGER INTERESTED
 IN HIM! HUNGER CALLED THEM TO THE FRESHLY-
 KILLED CARIBOU MEAT THE BRIZZLE HAD
 ABANDONED!



BALT NEETKA AND GRAY BROTHER PAUSED BESIDE
 ROBAN'S STILL FORM ——— THE SHE-WOLF'S LONELY
 WAIL VOICING HER GRIEF!



A SHARL OF CHALLENGE GREW GRAY BROTHER'S
 GAZE TO THE PACK CHIEF, KORMUK'S RIVAL FOR
 LEADERSHIP, WAS CLAIMING THE KILL!



SUGGER RAGE FLAMED IN GRAY BROTHER!
LIKE A LIVING THUNDERBOLT HE KNOCKED
CHARD SPINNING.



**SHOCKED BY THE YOUNG WOLF'S WEIGHT AND
FURY, CHARD, VETERAN OF MANY FIGHTS, TURNED
TAIL IN YELPING FLIGHT!**



PROUDLY THE SON OF KOBAK RETURNED TO THE KILL!
FROM DEEP IN HIS THROAT ROLLED THE CHALLENGE
TO DISPUTE HIS PLACE, AND NONE REPLIED!



**ONLY NEEKA, HIS MOTHER, MOVED CLOSE TO TAKE
THE FIRST BITE OF LIFE-SAVING FOOD FOR THE
NEW LEADER OF THE WOLF PACK --- GRAY WOLF
--- WAS STILL HER SON!**



First In Battle -- First In Peace!

INDIAN CHIEF

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WALRUS HUNTING

In the old days, before Eskimos were able to get rifles, the taking of even one walrus was a task for a hero, because the walrus is an animal who fights back. A wounded one can be as dangerous in the water as a polar bear is on the ice. A ton of fighting fury, with tusks twelve to eighteen inches long, a thick, tough hide, and a tiny brain—a bull walrus has taken the life of many an Eskimo.

But nowadays the Eskimo hunters go out in a big motor boat, armed with rifles, and plan to come back loaded with walrus meat. Their method is to locate a herd of walrus on a floating "ice pan" by the grunting and roaring of the bulls. This sound can be heard for miles. The next and more difficult job is to get within rifle range unseen—or else the walruses may dive.

Landing on the ice pan may be the best way to approach one herd. Gliding up in the boat may be best for another. Suddenly the .30-06 rifles crash in a steady, rolling fire. The surviving walruses plunge to safety in the sea. . . . And that night the loaded boats chug back to the village, rich in meat, hides and ivory! Without meat, the Eskimos would starve. Without ivory to carve and sell, he would have no money; and without the walrus hides, he would have no boats to hunt in.

BOWING AND LOOKING IN A LOG STEREDROOM BY THE THIEVES HE HAS TRILLED, PRESTON CUTS HIS COMPANION, "TWO-GUN, AN HONEST MINER, LOOSE WITH A CHANCE-FOUND KNIFE



MOMENTS LATER ———

IF ONLY I HAD A GUN, I COULD SHOOT OFF THE LOCK ———



DID IT WORK, SERGEANT? WE'VE GOT A GUN AFTER! NOW WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE OTHER TWO CROOKS IN MY CAGE!



AND, JUST THREE MINUTES AFTERWARD ———

TWO-GUN! HOW DID YOU ——— (SING) ——— GET OUT?

NEVER MIND HOW! BUT I LEARNED THIS ——— A GUN NEVER TAKES THE PLACE OF A GUN AND GUN!



A PLEDGE



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